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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

By Alexander Pope.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime, adored
By Saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness led me bound,
Or think thee lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round!

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find the better way.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
—In quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me, whereso'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if bestow'd or not;
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise;
All nature's incense rise!

A Mile and More

By Leslie W. Quirk

When Bob Edmunds first read the notice on the bulletin board of the Laurel gymnasium he stretched himself up on his toes that he might feel the play of the swelling muscles in his long, slim legs, and said to himself: "That means me! All I ask is a fair chance, just a square deal in the trials."

The notice read:—

To Members of the Track Team.
Laurel College has been asked to send competitors to the invitation track and field meet to be held at Weslex University on Saturday, June 5. Owing to the expense we can enter only one competitor. He will be chosen on the basis of the best comparative record made in preliminary trials at Crandall Field next Thursday afternoon.

Although Bob Edmunds did not know it, the Laurel faculty had debated long and earnestly before accepting the invitation. Professor Manly of the biology department had been particularly doubtful; but it was his vote as the faculty member of the athletic association that had finally decided the question in the affirmative.

As a result of the notice the Laurel athletic field on Thursday afternoon was a place of great activity. All the members of the track team were there, and all agreed that the choice must ultimately narrow down to three contestants, Boomly, the weight thrower; Veedeck, the sprinter; and Edmunds, the distance runner, whose specialty was the mile.

Bob Edmunds paid little attention to the minor events. He was not afraid of any hurdler or jumper or quarter-miler. But when Boomly put the shot with a last mighty heave that sent the iron ball hurtling far from the ring, Bob pressed close to see what the tape might reveal. And when Veedeck ran his hundred yards, a stop watch in Bob's hand recorded the brief interval of time between the pistol shot and the breaking of the tape.

Neither contestant threatened to break the record in his event. Neither indeed showed any skill or speed beyond the ordinary. Bob Edmunds smiled. "Now for the mile," he said to himself.

There were no competitors; he was to run against time. As he made his way to the starting point, an apologetic voice called: "One minute, Edmunds."

It was Professor Manly. Annoyed at the interruption, Bob stopped.

"Yes, sir?"

"I am sorry to bother you at this time," said the professor, coming close to his side. "It happens, however, that I have barely time to make a train. I shall be away from Laurel over the week-end, and I wished to speak to you about the science medal essays."

"Mine is already turned in, sir." "I know. But as you are aware Griffith has been ill. His essay is not done. Mind you, he has not asked for further time, but I wondered if you might not be willing to grant an extension of perhaps two weeks?"

"Why, I—I don't know," said Edmunds. The science medal offered by the biology department meant much to him. He had set his heart on winning it, and he had worked faithfully in preparing his essay. Although he wanted to be perfectly fair, he couldn't quite see the justice of allowing Griffith extra time. The closing date had been definitely understood.

"You need not decide now," continued Professor Manly. "Take as much time as you like. When you do decide, however, be good enough to write to Dr. Benton; he will understand. Meanwhile I want you to realize that you are privileged to hold Griffith to the original date for completing his essay. Good day, Edmunds."

Before Bob competed his trial mile he knew that he was running superbly. He ran as he sometimes ran in his dreams—swiftly, easily and in perfect form. At the finish he was only mildly exhausted. Some one mentioned the time, and even Ferguson, the coach, whistled softly. "Nice work, Edmunds!" he said.

Then Bob knew. The words were as good as a promise. He had won the right to represent Laurel in the great Weslex meet! He was glad there had been no questions about his right to compete at Weslex, although of course there couldn't have been without favoritism.

After supper that night Bob sat down at his study table, resolved to leave no detail of his scholastic work unfinished on his departure for Weslex the following day. For two full hours he amplified his lecture notes and studied his lessons for the morrow. At last, yawning, he pushed back his chair. "My biology—" He halted the thought in the middle. "H'm!" he. "I must write to Dr. Benton about the science medal."

He had trouble composing the letter. Several times he began it, and as many times he tore up what he had written. In the end his final draft sounded curt, but he could think of no way to improve the wording. He told Dr. Benton that he was addressing him at the suggestion of professor Manly and that he felt, in justice to himself, he could not agree to any extension of the time for turning in the essays. He thought of signing it "Yours in all fairness," but that ending sounded a little affected; so he compromised on a meaningless "Yours truly." Dr. Benton would understand that he was demanding no more than his rights.

The next day seemed years long, but it passed somehow, and train time came. Ferguson went to the station with him. "It's too bad you must go alone," said the coach. "Still, you won't need the coach about how you're going to be treated after you get there. Weslex is a college where sportsmanship means everything. Those fellows will talk of you."

Bob was hopeful, but no one met him at the station, and, going to a hotel, he engaged a room for the night. He felt strangely lonesome and depressed. While the clerk was getting his key, Bob discovered that he had forgotten to mail the letter to Dr. Benton. He took it out of his pocket, turned it over once or twice and finally dropped it into the mail box in the office. He was glad that matter was decided.

The room, which was at the front of the hotel, was noisy; trolley cars rattled and jangled past under his window. In the parlor down the hall he could hear a piano drumming. Next door two men were arguing loudly and incessantly. It wasn't at all the kind of room for a fellow who needed rest to prepare for a race. Just as he was ready to go down to supper some one knocked at his door.

"You're Edmunds, from Laurel College, aren't you?" the brisk youth whom Bob had admitted said to him in greeting. "I'm Clarke, the Weslex miler. I went to the station to meet you but missed you in the crowd." He listened a moment to the discordant sounds all about. "Heigh-ho! This room won't do. I'll make the clerk change it for a quiet one at the back. Ready to eat? I'll take you round to our training table of course."

The experience was new to Bob Edmunds. He couldn't quite understand fellows who went out of their way to be nice to an opponent, and at first he was suspicious of Clarke's intentions. But when with Clarke's help he had changed his room and had met a host of Weslex boys at the training table, he began to understand better what Ferguson had meant when he said that Weslex stood for sportsmanship.

Bob liked the attitude, but at the same time he resolved not to put himself too much in debt, because he confidently expected to beat Clarke in the mile.

But as matters turned out, Bob needed further aid. The next afternoon when he slipped into the dressing room under the grand stand he could not find his running shoes. With a scowl that must have suggested the nasty doubt in his mind, he carried the trouble to a Weslex fellow—not Clarke this time.

"Lost, are they?" said the Weslex boy, laughing. "Well, I'm not surprised. Everything seems to be at odds and ends. There are too many competitors to keep track of all their equipment. You just sit right here for a few minutes, and I'll bring you another pair."

He was as good as his word. Better! For he came back presently with an armful of running shoes, which he dumped at Bob's feet. "Try these," he said. "I brought a dozen pairs, because I wanted to make sure of a perfect fit. If you don't find exactly what you want in the pile, I'll get more."

With a vague word of perfunctory thanks Bob began trying them on. He couldn't understand why the Weslex fellow was so ready to help. It wasn't really his business at all; it wasn't his duty. Didn't they realize here at Weslex that their miler's most dangerous opponent was the boy whom everybody seemed so eager to please?

After Bob had found a satisfactory pair of running shoes he wandered on side to watch the various contests on track and field. He asked some one which team was leading.

"Weslex is three points ahead," the boy replied, "but Union counts on a first in the high hurdles. That will put her two points to the good. It looks now as if the result of the mile would decide the meet."

Bob wet his lips. "You mean Weslex will have to score in the mile to win the meet?"

"Exactly! Provided of course Union wins the high hurdles."

"Oh!" said Bob. "Oh! I see." A little while later Clarke slapped him on the shoulder. I warned Trainer Murphy that you'd want your leg muscles loosened up a bit before our race," he said. When you're ready he will be glad to rub them. The mile is the last event."

He paused to listen to the announcement of the result in the high hurdles. "Five more for Union," he said wryly. "That seems to put it squarely up to me."

"Oh!" murmured Bob vaguely. He could think of nothing else to say. He couldn't very well wish Clarke luck in the race; he wanted to win himself. And yet, curiously enough, he began to wonder whether he should feel particularly sorry if some accident permitted Clarke to finish in front of him. Unconsciously he had become a staunch friend of Weslex. If it were not for his own ambition—

After a time he found himself on the cinder track with eleven other runners, all waiting for the race to begin. The starter was reading the names and positions from a paper. Without stopping to think much about it at all, Bob expected Weslex to draw No. 1 at the rail; naturally Clarke would want his opponents on the outside.

"No. 1," read the starter, "Kling, Union; No. 2, Edmunds, Laurel; No. 3, Sanders, Hull"—and so on to the last and worst position of any: "No. 12, Clarke, Weslex."

Bob nodded his appreciation of such a display of fairness. "They play the game here at Weslex," he said to himself. "I wish Clarke would win—almost!"

The starter had the runners take their places; then he explained just how he would give his commands. To Bob it seemed a useless procedure, and he wondered whether the starter realized the nervous tension that the long wait caused. Still of course some of the fellows might be competing for the first time; to them it was no more than just to explain the start.

Prepared as Bob had been for the crack of the pistol, the abruptness of it following the moment of absolute stillness threw him into a panic. Though he got off with the pack, it was his long training rather than any conscious exercise of skill that shot him forward and made his spikes bite into the crisp cinders.

The start of course was a mad scramble for position. Kling, the Union runner, led the first flight with Bob close behind and Clarke, despite his outside number, at Bob's elbow. Behind them trailed three or four others. Still farther in the rear was a second group.

For the first lap—the track was a quarter-mile oval—the race was a sprint, as it usually is in the mile run. During half the distance to the middle of the back stretch, Bob was content to allow Kling to set the pace. There when a quick side glance revealed Clarke forging ahead of him till he was first even with Kling, and then leading him and swinging in toward the rail, Bob fought his first battle. He knew in his heart that he could run a little faster; he knew he could swerve out into the track and race on equal terms with Kling, perhaps pass him just as Clarke had done. But for a moment something seemed to be holding him back.

His spirit was extraordinary. Quite as if he were some one else he was astonished to find himself suddenly swinging wide and pounding even with Kling. Each thud of his right foot on the track came with the accent of a refrain that was running in his mind. "Play—the game—Bob!" it seemed to be singing over and over again. "Play—the game—Bob!"

But he did not pass Kling. The Union runner answered to the second challenge like a thoroughbred. Side by side like a team of horses the two swept forward.

The end came abruptly as if the whole world had collapsed. One instant Bob was sprinting like the wind with a clear track before him; the next he was falling headlong and sharp cinders were scratching his face. But even as he fell he knew what had happened. Kling had stumbled and pitched to the right across Bob's leg; probably the Union man's ankle had turned on some clod of cinders. Bob himself of course had fallen heavily.

And now while Clarke drew ahead into a long lead, while four second ary runners flitted past like shadows, the two contestants whom Weslex had feared most lay on the track. Weslex would win the mile and the meet—which was just as it should be.

Bob clambered to his feet. The world was spinning dizzily before his eyes. Behind him he heard the crunch, crunch, of other runners rapidly approaching. On the track there lay Kling, a motionless curl of legs and arms. Bob fought back a wild impulse to drop by his side.

"You quitter!" he accused himself, starting forward with his right foot. "You quitter!" he repeated to himself as his left leg responded. "You aren't hurt one bit! Now run!"

And in a moment he was running almost in his old stride. By that time the second group of racers were all round him. Before he was at his best again they were past him. He increased his speed and marveled that he could still sprint. He had no hope of winning the mile; but he resolved to finish—and not last either! Two or three of those fellows ahead he could beat.

At the finish of the first quarter mile in front of the grand stand he was still last. But he was going better now, and he was gaining. He determined to keep on sprinting while the others slowed into the grinding jog that marks the middle part of the mile run. Behind him he

could hear the spectators in the grand stand roaring encouragement. Some of the applause might be for him, he guessed; a crowd always cheered for the under dog. But most of it of course was for Clarke somewhere out in front, for the grand stand was packed with Weslex adherents.

Before Bob had finished the second lap he had begun to feel the penalty of his long sprint; his lungs ached; his heart pounded; and his leg muscles pained him. He was tired, as tired as he usually was at the end of a race. Caution warned him to slow for a breathing spell, for he wanted to finish, no matter in what position.

As he swung round the curve into the back stretch on the third lap he raised his eyes to see what lay ahead. Almost without knowing it, he had forged to the front of the second group, in front of stretched yards and yards of bare track with some distant runners just in sight like about to dip ships below the horizon.

He could not see them distinctly; his eyes were smarting, and the perspiration from his hair and from his forehead almost blinded him. But his mind was still clear; he realized that the other runners could not be so far away as they seemed. They were still on the back stretch.

In his mind he began to talk to his legs. "Come on," he would order. "Lift—reach—hit—push."

Then to the other: "Come on—lift—reach—hit—push." Near the end of the third quarter he jerked up his chin for another look. What he saw amazed him. In front of him, not more than eight or ten yards, was a spent runner, swaying drunkenly. And ahead of that runner, just a little way ahead, was a second. There were five altogether. Bob counted four at first and then six; but he steadied his mind finally and made the count accurately. Yes, there were only five.

Bob knew that you aren't supposed to start your final sprint until the last quarter of the mile, but the sight of the runners so close pumped new energy into his tired legs. "Faster!" He almost spoke the word aloud. "Faster!" Our last race this year. Faster! And then we'll rest a long, long time."

His legs drove like flying pistons faster and faster. The track swept under him like a river. The standards of the high jump swished past; a scarlet sash on some fellow at the side of the track fluttered in the swirling breeze the runners was causing; the grand stand seemed to roar by as an express train roars by a station at which it does not stop.

Ahead of him loomed a shadow, an obstruction on the track. He swerved toward the outer rim of the cinder path and passed it. Some instinct rather than eyesight told him that it was a runner. He dashed by a fourth. Now he had rounded the curve at the end of the oval track and was again in the back stretch.

A rumble came across the track from the grand stand. The Weslex crowd were cheering Clarke somewhere on ahead. Bob wanted to quit. He felt that he could not run another fifty yards.

The track seemed to be rolling under him. His ankles were turning and jerking. His legs, willing enough but utterly spent, were bending and twisting. He was afraid they would collapse. Yes, he was done!

The cheering became louder. It was a continuous roar, but scattered through it were words. He tried to pick them out. But what words were they? He listened more acutely, and then all at once he knew.

The Weslex people were cheering him! He could catch the names "Laurel" and "Edmunds." And they had been cheering him ever since his fall, which had marked the beginning of his forlorn chase. Now with only one runner ahead of him and that one Clarke of Weslex—they were still urging him on, still applauding his sensational race! Oh, that was sportsmanship!

His pace quickened. It was as if he had found his second wind, his second store of vitality, as if he had rested somewhere for a time. Refreshed, he was back stronger and faster than before.

The last hundred yards were like an eternity. Without knowing how it happened Bob was out in the mid-

dle of the track—gaining, gaining, always gaining. Clarke was on the inside close to the rail and a little ahead—no, even with him! Bob could hardly believe his own eyes. They must be seeing what he willed them to see!

But he had no time for thought. With head whirling, arms flying and legs pounding he fought his way over the cinders. There must be a tape somewhere ahead—somewhere—somewhere. And then quite without warning a little strand of worsted grew taut across his chest, hung fast a moment and then snapped. He had won the race!

From all sides fellows rushed to his support. He flung weary arms as heavy as lead over stalwart shoulders and staggered toward a tempting plot of grass on the right. The crowd in the grand stand seemed to have gone absolutely mad—the Weslex crowd, whose champion he had defeated! He couldn't understand it at all.

Hours later, as it seemed to Bob, Clarke came up and congratulated him on winning. "You beat me," he said, smiling as cheerfully as if he himself had been the winner, "and they tell me you did it with the most sensational running ever seen on this track. No wonder you set the stands in an uproar! Why, if I had known how you made up that lost ground I think I should have cheered as you passed me. It was wonderful, Edmunds!"

"I—I'm sorry my victory in the mile made Weslex lose the meet," Bob said apologetically. "Everyone has been so fair—no, more than just fair—so—so sportsmanlike that I honestly wanted you to win the race. Once or twice I had to fight myself to keep on trying to beat you."

Clarke laughed boyishly. "Let me tell you something," he said lightly, "two somethings, in fact. First, you will be interested to know that Weslex won the meet. You see, I scored three points by trailing you in, and Kling, who was expected to score, failed to finish at all. Second, we haven't any monopoly on Sportsmanship here at Weslex; you practice it, Edmunds, just as much as we do. Since I had to be beaten, I certainly am mighty glad that it was by a fellow like you!"

At that Bob turned quickly to Clarke. "I wonder if I can send a telegram from here?"

"Scribble it off," replied Clarke, "and I'll see that it goes on the press wire."

The message was to Dr. Benton, of Laurel College. It read as follows:

"Ignore letters. Tell Griffith he may have as much time as he wants on science medal essay."

"Thank you," Bob Edmunds said to Clarke, quite as if they were still talking about the race. "Anyhow I think that I am beginning now to understand sportsmanship."—*Youth's Companion.*

How the art of Printing was Discovered

Some five hundred years ago there was living in the old Dutch town of Haarlem a man by the name of Laurence Jonsen. He was of excellent repute, honest, and wealthy, and much looked up to by all his neighbors. He was the sacristan of the Church of St. Bavon, and for that reason he was called Laurence Coster, which means Laurence the Sacristan.

Laurence was a quite, learned and meditative man, and as he grew old and gray he became a great lover of nature. There was nothing he liked so well as to wander out in the country, breathe the fresh air and the sunlight, listen to the songs of the birds and meditate among the trees and the flowers. He enjoyed all of these things as much as a child.

It was his custom every afternoon to go out for a walk with his broad-brimmed hat on his head, a short, black cloak over his shoulders and a staff in his hand. Sometimes he strolled along the banks of the broad and sluggish river, at other times he rambled through the fields and returned home by the great road which led around to the other side of the city. Best of all, however, he loved to frequent the old forest, which lay beyond the meadow lands, a mile farther away.

It was a grand old forest, where the trees grew large and tall, and Laurence Coster was fond of wandering round among their mazy recesses and quite woodland paths and think of the time when he was younger and used to carve upon the trees the name of a young maiden whom he knew. When he was tired of walking he would sit under the shade of some of the huge beeches and from the bark carve the letters of the alphabet. This was an old habit of his to pass away the time, and he made it a matter of utility by carrying home the pretty bark letters for grand-children to play with.

One day something happened. He chanced to wrap the letters in a piece of parchment that he had in his pocket, and when he arrived home he was surprised to see the imprint of several of the letters very clear and distinct upon the parchment. The sap exuding from the green bark had acted as ink on the face of the letters. The incident set Laurence Coster to thinking.

He carved a set of letters with more care than he had the others, and dipping one side of them in ink he pressed them on a sheet of parchment. The idea was and aspiration, the result was a print quite as good as the block pictures and block books which were sold in the shops and were the only examples of printing known. By an accident Laurence Coster had discovered the modern art of printing by movable types.

"With enough of these letters I believe I could print a book," thought Laurence Coster, "for if I could arrange and rearrange the letters in any order that I wished."

As long ago as the days of the Romans, people had found out how to impress letters on wax, and later a monkish copyist had learned how to carve a picture or a whole page of writing and stamp it on a piece of vellum. These they called block pictures and block books. But no one had ever thought of movable types till Laurence Coster grasped the idea from his bark letters of the alphabet.

Coster now set earnestly to work to improve his inventions. He made a kind of ink that was thicker and more gluey than common ink, and not so likely to spread and leave an ugly blot. He also carved a great many letters of various sizes, and found that with his improved ink he could make, distinct impressions, and could print entire pages, with cuts and diagrams and fancy headings.

After a time Coster devised the idea of making the letters of lead instead of wood; and finally he discovered that a mixture of lead and tin was better than pure lead, because it was harder and more durable. And so year after year Laurence Coster kept on, working at the making of type and the printing of books.

But only a few people knew what he was doing. After awhile, however, it began to leak out. It was a strange age. People were very superstitious and if there was anything they did not understand they attributed it to the devil. And as there was more or less mystery about Laurence Coster and his printed books, they began to tell around how he was in league with the evil one.

Laurence Coster's invention did not cost him his life, but it probably shortened his days. He was an old man when he first discovered the principle of movable types and he worked so hard and led such a confined life that he died in a few years. Before he passed away, however, a young man named Gutenberg came to Haarlem and learned something of Coster's invention. Gutenberg was a shrewd, cunning man, and capable, too, and he so improved the art of printing that some people attributed the invention of printing to him. John Gutenberg only improved what Laurence Coster began, and do one can rob the latter of the glory that was his. When we consider what printing has done for the civilization of the world we must regard Laurence Coster as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. —*Myron Colby in Western Christian Advocate.*

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1925.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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A Rare Honor

It was Sunday, March 1st last. I will never forget that day. I was at the South Carolina School in Cedar Spring. I was in charge of the basketball players from this school. I had been invited to dine with the superintendent of the S. C. School at his home nearby. At two o'clock, I was ushered into the beautiful dining-room and given a seat at the table. Never before in my life did I feel so honored as I was that day.

There sat at the head of the table the sublime, the greatly respected Dr. Newton F. Walker. For sixty years he has been head of the South Carolina School. His father, Newton P., founded that school. Only an hour before I had seen a bunch of fine, successful deaf alumni of the S. C. School bless his name. The State of South Carolina has showered honors upon him. The profession has honored him by electing him president of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf. As I looked upon his face so noble, so dignified, so kind, I became fascinated. Here I saw a God's man. I was filled with reverence.

Seated on my right was W. Laurens Walker, the youngest son and assistant to his father. A big man with a big heart he is. He has spent all his life at the school. He is following the footsteps of his father. He is one of the deaf or the blind in spirit, in feeling, in sympathy.

Opposite across the table was seated Horace E., now impaired in health. For some thirty years he taught the deaf. He was well-known as a teacher of exceptional ability. Many deaf people in Missouri and Tennessee have benefited by his work.

Next to Horace was Albert H., president of the Florida School, whom it has been my privilege and pleasure to serve for the past thirteen years.

On my left was the charming hostess, Mrs. L. M. Thompson, the only surviving sister of the elder Walker. All of her children have been engaged in the work of educating the deaf. Next to her was Mrs. W. Laurens Walker, who is filling the position made sacred by the death of the late greatly beloved Mrs. N. F. Walker—the position of mothering the school children.

It was beautiful to see the devotion the boys hold for their father.

When I stepped out of the house at a late hour, I thanked God for such friends of the deaf and the blind.—O. W. Underhill, in Florida School Herald.

New York Branch N. A. D.

Will all members and friends and those interested in the New York Local Branch of the National Association of the Deaf take notice, that what President Gillen promises will be the most interesting meeting of the New York Branch ever held, will take place at the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf (Fanwood), on Saturday evening, May 23d, at 8:30 P. M., and that it will be more interesting is promised from the fact that it is the Annual meeting under present administration, and nomination and election of officers, will be held. President Gillen is determined that the wranglings over by-laws and such minor matters are at end, and that future meetings of the New York Branch will be helpful, entertaining and instructive. Only a minor point or two in connection with the laws is to be settled, and Mr. Gillen is going to have it settled in short order, and pave the way for meetings, each of which will prove a delight to all members and visitors. To help him carry this out won't all interested plan to be Fanwood Saturday evening, May 23d, so that business can start at 8:15, and finish by 10, thus leaving time for a social evening?

Gallaudet College.

With the opening of spring vacation on the 15th, some 40 fellows rushed up in the College Hall garret, chucked out a half dozen tents, heaved them aboard a truck loaded sky-high with grub, blankets, pots and pans, and hied off to the old stamping grounds at Great Falls. There they camped until Monday morning, the 20th. Occasional rains forced the dyed-in-the-wools to stay under canvas quite a bit. But all the same they waged relentless warfare on the canine population and massacred a whole tribe of "hot dogs," and on the side got away with half a carload of eggs, bacon and flapjacks. So the expedition of course was a howling success. But—all's quiet along the Potomac again.

Louis Byouk and Gustav Strauss, Preps, drifted in from camp brown as a berry and cheery as could be. They were hard nuts, you bet, for they had had a swim in the Potomac. Soon, however, their chests fell in and a prominent case of humpback popped up on each. Our fair Co-eds, just home from their outing, reported that almost the whole gang had sampled the waters of West River on Saturday and enjoyed a real swim. The reporter always did think that we have some Co-eds here.

Every soul in Fowler Hall spent spring vacation at Kamp Kahlert. They said they had a capital time swimming, boating, hiking and feasting. Some of them "nearly upset," "froze half to death," and "almost cried," when they left. Maybe they felt sad at leaving their cook with her ten pickaninies. Just imagine our domestic science wizards employed a flapjack tosser on an outing, or camping as they call it!

The Collegians snatched their books from dusty shelves Tuesday morning, and filed into the classrooms for a six-week bout with the professors. They are in the pink of condition this time.

G. W. U. sent over its fair tennis players Wednesday afternoon. The young ladies completely swamped our Co-ed racketeers. The closest games were the doubles between Marie Didding and Marion Davis (G. W. U.) and our Mary Kannapell and Mary Dobson. The sets ended 7-5, 7-5. Other games were: Walker vs. Kannapell—6-2, 6-0; Taylor vs. Dobson—6-1, 6-2; Omwake vs. Sandberg—6-4, 6-2; Chickering and Petrie vs. Ozbun and Sandberg—6-2, 6-2.

Briarley Hall Academy, usually an easy mark for Gallaudet, motored over Wednesday and skinned our diamond performers by the close score of 5 and 4 runs. Knauss pitched good ball except in the 5th inning, when he allowed 3 hits which with two errors resulted in three runs that clinched the game for the visitors. Gallaudet was clearly weak with the stick, and some ragged work appeared in the field. Reneau, however, turned in a spotless record; his playing really was sensational. Trundle was very effective on the slab for the visitors; got 8 strikeouts. Gallaudet's lineup was the same as at the succeeding game.

Workmen are busy laying a broad concrete walk from the home of Professors' Day and Skyberg to the gymnasium. It will make a splendid improvement. After a shower the old plank walk had a habit of making toe dancers out of pedestrians.

A number of the stay-at-homes during camp week worked like niggers on the track and put it into a condition fit for Nurni's rabbit feet.

The Literary Society gave the following program Friday evening: Lecture—"The Channing Way Derby"—Mr. Guire; Dialogue—"Camp Gallaudet"—George Brookings, John Young; Declaration—"Owl and the Pussy Cat"—Albert Rose; Critic—James Beauchamp.

Our baseball men trotted over to College Park, Md., Saturday p.m. to tackle the University nine for the second time. Again the Marylanders "murdered" our best pitchers, Knauss and Riddle, scoring 14 times in the first two innings. Massinkoff then came in from the outfield, and although he had not been training for hurling this spring, he sent the hard-hitting Old Liners back scoreless in three innings. In the fifth, however, errors, 3 hit batsmen and two hits, gave the U-men 8 runs. The final score was 21-3.

Saturday evening Dr. Ely delivered a short talk on insects, to a student audience in chapel. Mr. Hughes then set his machine in motion and ran off a number of reels, showing the life cycles of the 17-year locust, the grasshopper and the bee. Among other things the pictures revealed, the grasshopper does not go through a larva stage, but hatches directly into a little "hopper."

Notice to Pennsylvania Motorists

The wording on licenses issued to a good many of the deaf since March 1, 1925: "Deaf—valid for use in Pennsylvania only," has been changed to read "Deaf, not valid in New Jersey and Maryland." After July 4th, our licenses may be good in New Jersey. Further information on the subject will be given out later.

F. E. SMELAU,
Chairman Special Com.

CHICAGO.

When fellows step upon your corns as if they're hunting trouble.
When knockers place you on the pan and lash you loud and long
(Your olden glory far-forgot—for Fame's a brief, burst bubble)
Oh, brother, don't it gall when you must praise your foes in song?

This job of writing for the press may seem all milk and honey,
—Cute, coysome girls with golden curls to cluster round you thick;
But bless your bosom, brother, 'tis devoid of mirth or money—
No matter what the "L," you write, someone is sure to kick!!!

All local records for bunco and "500" parties were broken, on the 18th, when the "Stags" held their affair at this Home for the Aged—all proceeds being given to this Home. Already \$120 has been turned over to the Home treasurer, with more coming from outstanding ticket-holders.

Thirty tables in all were arranged thusly: 11 tables of "500" and nine tables of bunco, on the main floor for the deaf; while 10 tables of "bunco" upstairs were allotted to hearing people exclusively. Among the celebrities upstairs was Attorney Ginsberg, who appeared much interested in the deaf. Prizes of cash and articles rewarded successful players.

The chairman was Abe Himmelstein, and as usual he went over big, ably assisted by his wife, Mrs. Meehan, and others.

The Johnnie Sullivans have left "the Castle" and settled in a cozy flat at Greenwood and Marquette. Those still remaining in the "castle" are the Roberts, Kemps, Leiters and Kingdons—quite a bunch of fine, high-class silents. Sullivan—aside from his labors as the Nestor of the Silent A. C.—is a devoted husband and father, and one of our leading wage-earners. Working overtime in the Bundscho ad plant, for the past three weeks his pay checks have been around \$38, \$33, and \$300.

Despite this, I would seriously advise all out-of-town printers to stay away from Chicago. The high wage-scale has flooded the town with both union and open-shop typos, until there are two men for one job. Deaf printers seeking positions have been distinctly disappointed the past year, while the flood of hearing hangers-on at the union call-room, and at the Tyothetae employment bureau, resemble a convention of Coxey's army.

Harry Dahl, who has for several months been staying at the Oak Forrest Home with a bad arm, was the guest of the C. Sharpnacks at the Easter M. E. service.

Caroline Hyman's thirteenth birthday was gladdened by countless gifts, one being a check for \$300 from a hearing relative.

Bob Kannapell is sticking steadily to his job on the *Culver Citizen*, near here; has not dropped into town once since taking the job two months ago. The career of the average "beginner," after leaving the Mergenthaler School, is a sequence of "job-fired-job-fired" until he picks up speed; but the former Gallaudet tennis champion seems to have fallen in a lucky sit.

Mrs. Mark Knight is at Taylorsville for a couple of weeks, looking after her mother while her brother is away on vacation.

Gus Hyman's sister and her husband came from New York, to visit him and other relatives. Saturday they had a family reunion at a downtown restaurant, then the two dozen inspected the splendid Home—chipping in \$10 as a donation.

Sol. M. Henoch, who has been plunking a linotype on a Los Angeles newspaper, is report back in LaPorte, Ind., to wind up some business affairs.

Mrs. Laura Brashar served a nice luncheon to eighteen ladies of the Susan Wesley Circle on the 16th.

The O. W. L. S. presented Mrs. Horace Buell a silver flower vase, during a little housewarming party at her flat, on the 17th.

Invitations are out for the wedding, April 29th, of Frederick William Meinken (father of the famous actress, and himself a noted hurdler a quarter-century ago), to Mrs. Francis Clara Joseph (who secured a divorce from Ethelbert Hunter.)

The Live Stock Press, where Fred Woodworth has worked as stone-man for the past 18 years, suffered a \$15,000 fire recently. Woodworth has a temporary situation elsewhere, but will resume his old job when repairs are completed.

This Woodworth has practically clinched the championship in the Silent A. C. chess tournament. Second place honors lie between Jack Seipp, L. Cherry, and Kenneth MacKenzie.

Bill O'Neil left on the 20th, to be gone until fall.

The mother of Frank Raymond died on the 6th.

Mark Stebelton, of Cincinnati, is working in the Ford plant.

Mrs. Ed. Hetzel left on the 25th to make her permanent home in Toledo, whither her husband had preceded her.

Don't forget the big Home Bazaar at the Silent Athletic Club, May 23d—managed by Mrs. Meagher and served on a scale never before attempted. This is certain to be one of the big social affairs of the year. Folks with limited funds will find plenty of suitable amusements, while

those with fat purses will discover ample opportunities to lightenage their cargo and jettison 'air ballast.

Dates ahead. May 2—Fishing party, Sac. May 13th—A. D. at All Angels' Parish House, 6122 Indiana Avenue. May 23d—Bazaar. May 29, 30th—Dance, vaudeville and general jubilee, Sac. THE MRAGHERS.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Mr B. L. Craven, who lost part of a little finger a month ago, is now back to his place of employment.

The party for the benefit of the O. A. D. convention was attended on Saturday night, March 28th, at the big home of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Craven. Many interesting games were played, and a raffle for a ham, in which Mr. C. H. Linde held the lucky number. Committee in charge were: Mr. Chas. Lynch, chairman, Mr. C. Greenwald, Mrs. H. P. Nelson and Mrs. B. L. Craven.

Mrs. Webb is now employed at the Western Cooperaage Company, and will send for his wife to come to Portland, where they will live during the summer. Portland deaf will be glad to see them back after some years away.

Mr. C. C. Moxley, a deaf mate, of Medford, Oregon, is again in trouble with the law for passing alleged bad checks. He was brought to Portland recently to stand trial. Mr. Moxley has a wife and four small children, and he has been in trouble before.

A reception was given at the home of Mrs. Guile Deliglio, on Friday night, April 3d, in honor of C. Hunter, of New York City, who has been visiting in Portland, Vancouver, and Seattle, recently, and about the time of this writing is preparing to leave for California points before returning home to New York. Miss Hunter met many old friends during her stay around the Coast, as she formerly lived at Vancouver, Wash. About thirty-five deaf were present at the reception, which ended with coffee and cake at midnight.

Well, June will be robbed of one June Bride by April. This is how it is Mrs. Guile Leo Deliglio and Mr. William Fred Cooke, who were to be married next June, have changed their wedding date, and will be married on April 16th, 1925. The couple announced the date, while taking dinner with the Nelsons, on Friday evening, April 10th. Mr. and J. O. Reichele will be a witness at the ceremony, which will be performed by Rev. Eickmann, of Trinity Lutheran Church. A reception for the deaf in honor of the wedding will take place at the bride's parents' home, on Friday night, April 17th.

Mr. G. White, who some years ago fell from a high lumber pile, is in a serious condition, and confined to bed at his home. His back was badly injured in the fall.

A kitchen shower was given Mrs. Deliglio on Wednesday, April 8th, by her many lady friends, in which nearly a complete kitchen set was given her.

Mrs. Hans Scott left for California for her health.

Mrs. Webb is now in Portland as her husband has secured a steady job at good wages at the Western Cooperaage Company, where about ten deaf are employed. The Webbs will remain in Portland during the summer, but will go back on their farm out near Pendleton, Ore., in the Fall.

Another new arrival in Portland is that of a man named Mr. Kidd, formerly Wisconsin, and known by Mr. C. H. Linde, also from Wisconsin, years ago. According to latest news, Mr. Kidd has found a job and if satisfied will stay in Portland. He is a member of the N. F. S. D. since 1910.

Over forty deaf attended the service on Sunday, April 5th, at the Trinity Lutheran Church to hear Rev. Frice of Spokaue, Washington.

Mr. Wm. Fleming met with a slight accident on Sunday, April 5th, at his home while chopping wood, cutting a his thumb, but went to work on Monday morning, using his other hand mostly.

The S. F. L. Club will meet at the home of Mrs. W. S. Hunter, in Vancouver, Washington on Wednesday, April 15th.

The Thierman family called on the Nelsons on Thursday night in their new well sport Star car, and invited them for a ride up through Mt Tabor Park, which is illuminated with beautiful arch lights and is considered one of Portland's most beautiful Parks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hunter and a lady friend from Vancouver, Wash., called at the Nelson home on Sunday, April 5th, in their well new Dodge, but found the Nelsons were out. Hope they come again as the Hunters always brings the writer some good news.

To the Portland and also Vancouver, Washington, readers of the JOURNAL: Will you help keep the Portland column more popular, as the writer can not be at every happening, and will be glad to receive any and all news of important. Send me your subscription of \$2.00 per year for this weekly paper.

H. P. NELSON.

April 11, 1925.

Canadian Clippings.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Mrs William W. Scott left on April 17th for a couple of weeks' sojourn at the home of her parents in Wellandport.

Miss Helen A. Middleton, of Horning Mills, who went up to Huntsville to visit her grandmother and other relatives on the 23d of last December, and then came here on February 20th, where she had been ever since visiting relatives and friends, left for her home on April 20th. She was a general favorite during her sojourn here, on account of her cheery disposition and modest habits.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hazlitt, who have been living in the lower part of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whealy, have moved to 156 Hampton Avenue, where they are nicely settled.

The Literary Circle meet again at Georgina House, the residence of the Misses Beniah and Elsie Wilson, on April 17th, where some interesting talk on various subjects took place.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Belleck, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Roberts, Mrs. James Davidson and daughter, Miss Alberta, of Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Dicy and son, Fred, and Mrs. Norris Hathaway, of London, Mrs. Fred Williams, of St. Thomas, Mr. Charles Wade and son, Melvin, of Norwich, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Anderson and Mrs. James McEwan, of Stratford, were guests at "Mora Glen" on April 14th, all having come to attend the funeral of an aunt of Mr. Herbert W. Roberts.

Mrs. Harry Mason left on April 20th for a brief sojourn with Mrs. David Hambly in Nobleton.

The Toronto Association of the Deaf have entered a team in the Toronto Soft Base-ball League for the coming season, and will play in the Senior Series at Willowvale Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Roberts left for their home in Jarvis on April 20th, after a week's visit to their brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Roberts.

Mr. Asa Forrester gave a very good address at our afternoon service on April 19th, and spoke on the value of Truth.

Mr. Edgar Every Clayton, who expects to leave shortly for a visit to his parental home in Vancouver, B. C., will not see the familiar old home that he has been longing to see once more, but instead he will behold nothing but a heap of ashes on the spot where he once lived and was brought up to perfect manhood. Only a short time ago, Edgar got word from his parents stating that the fire fiend had destroyed every vestige of his childhood home. We sympathize with his parents in their heavy loss.

The members of our Ladies' Aid Society of our Church have been working hard the past month in getting up the entertainment, that came off on April 25th.

The Epworth League Topic, on April 15th, was on how Rehoboth tried to recover the ten tribes, and the mission undertaken by Shishak, then King of Egypt.

Mr. Lewis Ireland, of Acton, was down to see his old friends over the week-end of April 1st.

Mr. Chas. R. Ford and Mr. Frank E. Frank Harris went to Sarnia and Aurora, respectively, on April 19th, for the Sunday meetings and both had good gatherings.

LONDON LEAVES.

A general meeting of the London Mission to the Deaf was held at the Y. M. C. A. on April 11th. Mr. A. H. Cowan was chairman.

Among the 1800 patients at the Ontario Hospital in this city are five of our Deaf friends, all of whom are doing well. On March 29th, while in this city, Mr. P. Fraser of Toronto, accompanied by Mr. John F. Fisher, paid them a visit. Of the five, Mr. Fraser saw Mr. Wm. Rincombe, for the first time in thirty five years.

There was a happy little gathering of the Deaf at his home of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fishbein, on Horton Street, on April 13th, the occasion being the presentation of a beautiful silver pencil to Miss Leona Jackson, prior to her departure for Flint, Mich., where she has established herself in business. The evening was most enjoyably spent in a social way, and before departing at midnight all were treated to a hearty lunch of sandwiches, ice cream, cake and coffee.

Mr. Herbert Wilson returned to his old job at the McClary foundry after a two weeks' pleasant holiday, which he enjoyed with his mother in Chatham.

Mr. James Adkin, of Bothwell, was in this city for a few days lately visiting his cousins and many friends.

Miss Hazel Humphrey is steadily working at Kellogg's Cornflake plant.

Mr. Arthur Thompson, of St. Thomas, has been in this city, the past month visiting his brothers and sisters, and we hear he has gone to Windsor to hunt for a job.

The news of the death of Mrs. W. J. Gee, at Capar, Sask., on Easter

Sunday, came as a shock to her relatives and countless friends here.

Mr. George Pepper was up in Detroit, over Easter, visiting his brother and sister and deaf friends, returning on April 15th, to his work at the McCormack Soda Biscuit factory.

Miss Sadie Hodgins left on the evening train on April 14th, for Sault Ste Marie, where she will spend some time with her uncle and other relatives.

During the past few weeks, Mr. John Noyes, of Denfield, has been doing a flourishing business selling his home-made maple syrup on the London market, and realizing good money.

There were quite a number of the Deaf at the C. N. R. station on April 11th, to meet the Sarnia train, on which were the bridal couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Mackie (nee Miss Elsie Leckie).

Mr. Arthur H. Jaffray, of Toronto, was the speaker at our meeting at the Y. M. C. A. on April 26th, and gave a splendid address to a good-sized assemblage.

A surprise farewell party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gould, Jr., on March 30th, in honor of Miss Blanche Brewer, prior to her departure for her home in Bothwell.

WATERLOO CO WEE BITS

Mr. and Mrs. Absalom Martin, of Waterloo, had the latter's mother from Toronto as their Easter visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black, of Kitchener, hid themselves away to the country and spent Easter very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. John Forsythe, in Elmira.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams and children, of Kitchener, were over in Waterloo for Easter, visiting the sister of Mr. Williams, who lives on the same street and within talking distance of the Moynihan home.

Two years ago Mr. John Forsythe, of Elmira, decided to go into poultry raising, and accordingly built a fine up-to-date henhouse to house his good breeds of Wyandotte layers, and now he is earning the reward of honest sweat and toil by getting eggs by the dozen daily, besides scores of baby chicks that have hatched and are growing fine. Jack has dreams of becoming the Poultry King of Elmira some day.

On Easter Monday, the Moynihans of Waterloo took a jaunt out to Bridgeport, returning to Kitchener to take tea with the Williams family.

On April 15th, Mrs. John Moynihan and daughter, Beverley, left Waterloo for a trip to Galt, where they had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coles. Afterwards all took the bus for Preston, where they spent the rest of the evening with Mrs. Ida Cherry Robertson, at her parental home.

On April 16th, Mrs. John Moynihan and daughter, Beverley, went on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. John Forsythe in Elmira, and on their return next day were accompanied by Miss Marie Forsythe, who spent a few days with the Moynihans in Waterloo.

OTTAWA OPINIONS

Miss Eva Goetz, of Owen Sound, was a visitor to our beautiful capital for several days lately.

Mr. Alfred Gray, who attended Bible Conference in Toronto at Easter, is loud in his praise of its success.

Miss Molly Brigham was up in North Bay, for a few days' visit to relatives recently and reports a dandy time.

All the Deaf in Ottawa are doing fine and working steadily.

Mr. David Bayne has returned from his visit to relatives and friends in Toronto, well pleased with his trip. He was the guest, for the most part, of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason, during his sojourn in the "Queen City."

We would like to hear of the doings of our friends in our neighborhood.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

Dr. T. B. Coughlin has returned to his duties as Superintendent at the Belleville School for the Deaf, after a few months' holiday in California and other parts up west. He was accompanied by Mrs. Coughlin, and we hear the trip was of great benefit to them.

We have just learned with much regret of the destruction by fire of the home of our old friend, Mr. Willie Kay, at Stevens Point, Wisconsin. As nearly all know Mr. Kay, who graduated from the Belleville School back in the early eighties, is totally blind and lives with his sister, whom we also regret to say, had the misfortune to slip on the icy pavement at the time of the fire and fracture her leg.

Mr. Charles McLaren has returned to his home in Raglan, after a few weeks' visit to his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and George Timpon, at Long Branch.

The melancholy news comes of the death of Mrs. J. W. Gee, who answered his Master's summons on Easter Sunday, April 12th, and left to dwell for evermore in His beautiful paradise. She passed away very peacefully at home in Cupar, Sask. The late Mrs. Gee was formerly Miss Louisa Noyes, of Denfield, near London, Ont., and graduated from the Belleville School back in

the seventies. She was a sister of Mr. Andrews and Mr. John Noyes, of Denfield, and Mrs. John Pincombe and Mrs. G. A. W. Gustin, of London. For years the deceased was in rather poor health, and a year ago broke her leg in a street car accident. She was married to Mr. J. W. Gee, of Dorchester, soon after leaving school, and moved to Cupar, Sask., where they raised an interesting family of five sons and one daughter, all of whom are now grown up, and the daughter is now Mrs. Elsie Kennedy. To the bereaved ones, we extend our profound sympathy.

On March 7th, 1900, Mr. John W. Smalldon, of Craubrook, and Miss Iva Eames, of St. Thomas, treaded the roseate path of matrimony for the first time, and on the 7th of March last they had the satisfaction of looking back upon a quarter of a century of married contentment. To mark the occasion all the deaf of St. Thomas and many from outside points, gathered at the Smalldon home, at 42 St. George Street, in the "Railway City," to congratulate the happy couple and wish them twenty-five more years of happy life together, and to present them with many useful and ornamental articles of silverware.

Mr. Elmer L. Burnett, of Foam Lake, Sask., reports times very quiet up his way. His deaf brother, Gerald, is now working at Lovat, Sask., after being in Winnipeg since Christmas. Elmer's deaf sister's husband, Mr. Pough, is still on the look-out for a job in Winnipeg.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

FANWOOD.

Recently Major Van Tassel and Staff Captain C. C. Altenderfer chose the following Cadets' officers: Company "A"—Cadets Retzker and Blend as Sergeants, Schurman, Lynch and Rubenstein as Corporals. Company "C"—Cadets Mazur, Sherman Herbst, and Cairno as Lance Corporals. No doubt their parents will be proud of them.

Last week, Mr. S. W. McClelland, of Mountain View, N. J., came over to Manhattan, via auto, and made a brief visit to his *Alma Mater*, Fanwood, from which he graduated fifty-three years ago. He was amazed at the changes since his day, when the region around Fanwood was overgrown with trees, and no houses or streets were in evidence.

Friday afternoon, April 24th, Messrs. Ben Shafrenak and Nathan Morrell, who graduated from this school the same year—1924—were visitors at this Institution.

Ben talked with Principal Gardner, and afterwards called on Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson in the JOURNAL office. He slightly injured his right ankle playing basketball with a hearing team, and he has to use a cane. He was a wonderful all around athlete in his school days, but he is still popular since his graduation. He won many medals in the basketball tournaments and the Track and Field meet. He was a former relay runner in the Penn Relay Carnival Meet. Ben and Nathan are members of the Houston Athletic Club. The Club was organized about three years ago.

Early Saturday morning, April 25th, after breakfast the Fanwood relay team, with Lieut. Frank Lux, our running track instructor, left for Philadelphia, Pa.

At Franklin Field our team was outrun by the Mt. Airy team, in the one mile relay race.

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Comic Vaudeville at St. Ann's Guild Rooms Saturday, April 25th, was a wonderful success from a Thespian point of view, but the attendance was only fair. The seating capacity was only two thirds full. The weather was partly to blame, for it rained quite heavily just at the time people would start for the show. However, a goodly amount of money was made for the coal fund.

Refreshments were served in the tea room.

The program was as follows:—

PROGRAM

Butterfly Dance—Miss Jessie Garrick. Tom and Jerry—Messrs. Funk and Livingston.

"HIS DREAM"

The Artist—Mr. Pfandler.

The Model—Miss Makowska.

"PIGS"

Miss Nettie Miller and Mr. G. Braddock. Greek Dance—Messrs. Garrick, Siegel, Tichenor, Allen and Rosengreen. Topsy and Eva—Misses Doris Patterson and Nettie Miller. Jiggs and Dinty Moore—Mr. Pfandler and Miss W. Makowska.

"COONTOWN"

Aunt Jimmie—Miss Nettie Miller. Endmen—C. Knobloch and A. Olsen. Tambo—Robert Fitting. Bones—Raymond McCarthy.

"The Charge of the Rube Brigade"—Misses Makowska, Garrick, Brenneisen, Patterson, Allen, Rosengreen and Tichenor.

"ON THE FARM"

Mrs. Posmire and Mr. Braddock. "The Red Girl"—Miss Doris Patterson.

H. A. D.

At the room of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf on Sunday evening, April 19th, there was a "Coffee Pot Party." Over one hundred and fifty members and friends attended to partake of the fun that held them on their feet all night long. About the Coffee Pot, you may ask; well, there was a contest and prizes awarded to the lady and gentleman in drinking a cup of black coffee and no sugar. Mrs. Julius Seandel was at the helm of the wheel and had the games started in jig time, to the delight of all those who were present. Refreshments were served after the games were through. All this was under the auspices of the Bazaar Committee, of which Miss Lena Stoloff is chairlady.

The next affair of the H. A. D. will be "May Party" for the children of deaf parents—nieces and nephews included. This will take place on Saturday afternoon, May 2d. Come and have a good time with the kiddies.

An other social affair was held on Saturday evening, April 25th. It was for the Building Fund for a Jewish Temple, and was successful socially and financially.

On Saturday evening, May 9th, a Casino party will be held.

On April 11th, 1925, Mr. John Maier became a full fledged American citizen. On that date he took the oath of citizenship before Judge Campbell, of the Federal Court, Miss Gladys Williams and the Reverend Arthur Boll being witnesses to the ceremony. Reverend Boll interpreted the oath for Mr. Maier in the sign language. Final citizenship papers will be issued to him by the Judge on April 27th. Owing to his deafness, Mr. Maier was chosen first to be sworn in from all the other applicants. His name was also changed from Majcherzyk to Maier, by which he is now legally known.

Charles J. Sanford has opened an elaborately equipped office in the jewelry district, at 12 John Street, New York, and is now open for business, and would be pleased to have the deaf prospective buyers in jewelry call and see him for an estimate, especially diamonds.

He has on display the latest creation in after dinner ring mounting in platinum, 18-karat white gold or green gold. He also has the latest designs in carved or engraved wedding and engagement rings, set in diamonds or precious stones of any denomination. His values and helpful co-operation have enabled him to increase his business.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew De Feo, of 83 Hall Street, Brooklyn, were blessed with twins last week, a boy and a girl. This is not all, several New York dailies printed their picture, and stated that because the infants cried lustily, it was convincing despite their parents' affliction the babies are normal.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lampesi from Westchester, N. Y. (nee Dorothy Maemone, of Fanwood), invited their fathers, her mother, their relatives, and their deaf-mute friends to their fifth wedding anniversary on Saturday, April 25th. They received several presents, including a five-dollar gold piece.

Mr. Harry Stoner, on April 8th, was united in wedlock to Miss Leah

Stone, a former pupil of the Lexington Avenue School. Mr. Stoner received his education at the Westchester (Catholic) School. He was known then as Albert Stgoia, but after leaving changed his name to Harry Stoner. He is a member of the Deaf Mutes' Union League.

A picture post card mailed at Havana, Cuba, on April 20th, showing the Prado, discloses Mr. McMann and his wife and son, have progressed that far on their way to California, via the Panama Canal.

Mr. Frank B. Thompson, who all his life has been a resident of New York City, or suburbs, but who moved to California a couple of years ago with his wife (nee Mamie Elsworth), is said to be quite sick at this writing.

A Children's Party will be held at the H. A. D. room, 308 Lenox Avenue, on Saturday afternoon May 2d from 2 to 6 o'clock. Games and refreshments. Admission, thirty-five cents.

Mr. Moritz Schoenfeld, who went to Schenectady, N. Y., last week, to stay for a length of time, expects to be back in the city next week.

On April 23d, a baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Paul. Mother and babe are doing well. They have another boy about four years old.

Miss Jane Henry was married to Mr. Paul Skidelsky, on Monday of last week. The ceremony was performed at the New York City Hall.

Lincoln Schindler had to take a day off on Monday, April 27th, on account of an explosion at his place of business.

Mr. Samuel Frankenstein has just won a victory wrestling with the "Flu," and is now himself again.

THE CAPITAL CITY.

Is not it strange when I left the busy city of Detroit, I felt terribly weak from head to foot, could hardly board the train without assistance, but when we approached the beautiful city of Washington, I felt lighter and very brisk. My lady companion said I ought not to run away from Detroit or blame the weather. Colds do not come from bad weather or damp climate, but from germs that attack those whose physical condition makes them susceptible. She related to me what science has found about colds—and we will soon learn about the discovery. My lady companion was from Flint, Michigan, and was on her way to Washington, D. C., to meet the officials of the Volta Bureau. She also said that any child of average mental ability should be able to read at the age of three years. She also said that most of the intelligence tests given boys and girls were "rot," and were dangerous in the hands of incompetent teachers.

A little boy, "Paul," arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Smoak, 1214 E Street, N. E., Washington, D. C., April 19th, weight seven pounds two ounces. Mother and baby are getting along nicely at Sibley Hospital, in a room that was donated and furnished by the Detroit M. E. Church Conference. Congratulations.

Washington papers say: Michigan visitors neglected to read the papers and Washington postmaster based claim on their failure to pay right postage. The papers say the following: According to the best obtainable information, there are somewhere between one and two hundred Michigan visitors in Washington just now, and, according to estimates by Postmaster Mooney, somewhere between one and two hundred of them haven't been reading the papers since they came. They persist in putting one cent stamps on the souvenir post cards they are mailing back home, although the post office department had plenty of space in every newspaper in the country this week impressing the public that there is a new scale of postal rates and that all postcards must have two cent stamps hereafter.

The law went into effect yesterday and the first day the ruthless hand of the government was laid on 2,000 cards insufficiently prepaid. They will be forwarded, but it is a question how much their recipients are going to relish getting reminders of the good times their friends are having in Washington, when they are informed that they must pay a cent for each of the cards. The Washington office stamped them all "insufficient postage, due one cent," and sent them along to their respective destinations, including Michigan points.

Mrs. Sarah Scarborough Verner, formerly of Boston and Detroit, and her husband are now settled in their own "The Roses," Draycott Road, Breaston, Derby, England. She is happy at last in her own little home, their very own, but so small but large enough for two of them, no stairs at all. It is out in the open country. She expects to have a nice little garden by and by and have it fenced in, as there is a lot of cattle grazing nearby. They usually come right up to the door to inquire. The Verners are wondering if the cattle

protest against their invading their territory. Mrs. Verners thinks her home is not nearly as damp or rainy as Belfast, Ireland. They went to England from Ireland last August, 1924. When she gets her half dozen chicks, biddies, a nanny goat, a kitten, she may have a snapshot taken of herself with her "family" all around her. It may appear in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and enjoys the good news of her friends in the U. S., and said Editor Hodgson's account of his West Indies cruise was a treat.

DETROIT NEWS

The Celebration of the Ninth Anniversary of the Guild's birth was held at the Parish House, April second, after the monthly business meeting. A bountiful supper was served and speeches were made by Mrs. Schneider, Mrs. Colby and Mrs. MacLachlan lauding Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson, the founder for the Guild although Mrs. Nelson was not present, on account of severe grip. A large cake, with the inscription "Guild's Ninth Anniversary Birthday," was cut and distributed among the members.

The trial of Harry Hill, son of deaf parents, for the murder of an old farmer, was started April 16th, in Circuit Court, Detroit. The Court was crowded to capacity during the first trial session.

Easter Sunday, April 12th, 1925, Mrs. James Henderson and Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson, gave a surprise birthday party for Mrs. Robert H. MacLachlan. The gathering opened with a prayer, by Mr. H. B. Waters. Mrs. Nelson followed with an address in her charming manner. A bounteous banquet was served, the table being well loaded, not only with good things to eat, but tastefully decorated with blue and yellow, blue candles and yellow flowers. Mrs. Nelson gave a beautiful birthday cake, Mrs. Peter McNulty a bunch of American Beauty roses trimmed with smilax. The other guests filled a basketful with useful gifts, among them was a fine clock, the gift of Mrs. James Henderson and Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson. Mrs. MacLachlan also received some gifts in cash. Several flashlights and snaps were taken to commemorate the happy occasion. At eleven o'clock the tired guests went on their way, vowing never to forget the hospitality of Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Nelson on this happy Easter day. Others who were invited, but did not come, certainly missed a fine time. Mrs. J. Henderson in every way proved herself to be an able and most amiable hostess.

Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson (Our Pansy) has taken up the study of typewriting. She is taking lessons from an experienced instructor. She will soon master it and will be able to do much good work for both the Mission and Guild of Ephphatha, of which work she feels and takes a great interest in. We would be delighted if she would act as reporter for the JOURNAL.

Mrs. James Henderson is looking forward to a pleasant visit from her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Toelner, of Angola, N. Y. She expects to reach Detroit early in June and may attend the Reunion at Flint, Mich. A little bird has just told us, our friend and sister of the Guild, Mrs. R. H. MacLachlan, has something new up her sleeve. We wonder what it is. We guess she is shy of newspaper reporters, else they surely would get the scent of it.

We do hope some Detroit deaf would volunteer to write up for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MRS. C. C. COLBY.

515 Ingraham at N. W. Washington, D. C.

SOUTH DAKOTA

HO! FOR LAKE MADISON

The dates are: June 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, and 29, 1925.

The executive committee of the South Dakota Association for the Advancement of the Deaf has decided on the above place and date for holding the next reunion.

Lake Madison, four miles out from the city of Madison, S. D., is an ideal recreation spot and just the place for the deaf to have their reunion. At Lake Park Hotel good meals can be had on the cafeteria plan at reasonable price and rooms can be had at \$1.25 each person. Those who wish to bring their own tent will find camping and cooking facilities excellent. Here, also you will find boating, bathing, and fishing on par with any spot anywhere.

To every deaf of the state, and to the deaf of the neighboring states, the executive committee bids a hearty welcome.

An interesting program is being prepared for your pleasure, including sports. Wednesday, June 24th, will go on the program as arriving and registration day. The reunion will officially end Sunday evening, and Monday, the 29th, will be going home day.

The President of the Association will be glad to receive at his Aberdeen address any suggestions for making up the program.

Watch for further announcement.

CHAS. H. LOUCKS, Pres.

Aberdeen, S. D.

ED. P. OLSON, Sec'y.

Siox Falls, S. D.

OHIO.

News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Green, 294 Franklin Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

April 1925.—Rev. Jacob M. Koehnle, Pennsylvania, was a visitor to Columbus, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. On the evening of the former he gave a talk in the chapel of the school, being devoted mainly to the early ministers of the Church Mission to the Deaf. He cited many narratives showing the misconceptions the deaf at large had of the work and privation in carrying it forward they had to endure. Judged by external appearance, their traveling over the country in the filling their appointments, gave the impression that they were well paid for their labors. Collections at church meetings for this reason were not what they should have been, contributors imagining that the ministers' R. R. and hotel expenses were paid by some one else. Revs. Mann and Allabough, the speaker stated, when they started out in the ministry, and probably too, others received only three or four hundred dollars a year, from which they were supposed to maintain their families and pay their travel expenses.

There were times when they had to forego comforts and even meals, using what little money they had to take them from one place to another in filling engagements. He cited a number of incidents, including some that he experienced himself. Rev Koehnle's talk proved very interesting and was cleared delivered. The attendance was not as large as it would have been had more notice been given of the talk among the resident deaf. A small admission fee was charged. Some of the older pupils attended the meeting.

At the Ladies' Aid Society meeting held on the 17th inst., twenty-nine members responded to the roll call. The receipts for March were \$6.15 and expenditures \$5.

A list of needs for the kitchen and laundry at the Home for Deaf was presented by the Mrs. Neuner of the Purchasing Committee.

Mrs. Wark announced for Mrs. Ohlmeier the list of committees for the Fall Carnival.

Mrs. William Murphy was admitted to active membership.

The society decided to honor visiting members of other ladies' aid societies attending the reunion in September with a reception, and placed of the matter in the hands of this committee: Mrs. Neuner, Chairman, Mrs. Winemiller, Misses Biggam, Bays and King.

Miss Dorothy Durrant resigned as recording secretary and was then transferred from active to associate membership. (You will learn the reason for this step later.) Mrs. Joseph Neutzhug will act as temporary secretary at the next meeting.

The Chronicle office, last week, was presented a gift of forty books from the Mergenthaler Linotype Company. The Chronicle office has three of these machines in use, and the book gives complete instruction as to how to set up the machines, and cuts whereon every essential part is shown and explained. Every boy in the office has been given a copy of the book to read and familiarize himself in the working of the machine, and is to return it at the close of the school.

The Columbus Board of Education, this week, appointed Miss Carrie Jones, daughter of Superintendent and Mrs. Jones, to teach a class. A room in one of the city school buildings will be assigned for this purpose at the opening of school in the fall. At present, she has charge of the Canton, Ohio, Day School for the Deaf.

Mrs. Wylie Ross, of Cincinnati, is visiting her parents in Columbus, and was a caller upon friends at the school last week.

Miss Elsey Kenney, a former teacher, but now making her home with her sister in Detroit, Mich., was a caller at the school Tuesday and Wednesday, and received hearty greetings from her former associates. She is looking well, probably due from the freedom of school cares and lake atmosphere.

The Advance Society will give a lawn fete on the school grounds Saturday afternoon and evening, May 30th. There will be contests for prizes, and other features to make the affair interesting to all who attend.

The Columbus Advance Society's feast came off as per schedule Saturday evening last.

The Columbus Division, N. F. S. D., had been invited as guests. In all about forty-five people were served with what might be called a Dutch lunch, for the bill of fare consisted Weiner worsts, bologna, Saratoga chips, white and rye bread, butter, dill and sweet pickles, cheese, spring onions, and for beverages—coffee and milk.

These dishes were spread out on a table in the Domestic Science hall. Guests filed along and filled their plates, and then passed to the art room, and sat down at tables to do justice to what they had gathered, and they certainly did the latter, for several times their plates were

refilled and still there was plenty left after all were full.

Speeches followed the eating, by Messrs. Fred Schwartz, MacGregor and Neuner, respectively, on the Advance Society, N. A. D., and Columbus Division, N. F. S. D. Afterwards came a movie of seven reels, entitled "The Next Corner." It was after ten o'clock when all was over, and the verdict was general that it had been a pleasant evening, and that the absent ones had missed something real good.

A. B. G.

SEATTLE.

The Golden Rule Sewing Club held its April meeting on the 9th, at the home of Mrs. Victor Smith's sister and brother, on North 79th Street. About a dozen ladies were present and partook of the bountiful and toothsome luncheon prepared. The business meeting in the afternoon was brief, but several plans are on to raise money for the club. Just now the right of way is being given to the socials conducted under the auspices of the P. S. A. D. to raise funds for the entertaining the convention next summer. Of these socials, the next will be held at the Hanson house on the 25th. In May there will be an entertainment under the charge of the younger members of the P. S. A. D., with Ed. Martin as chairman. They propose to hire a hall and make the affair quite a big one.

The Bowling Club elected officers recently, and Frank Kelly is president of the team for next year. He is enthusiastic about his new duties, and is anxious to bring his team up to a high place while under his leadership. The last bowling matches for the year were held April 14th, and the close left Silents in the sixth place among about sixteen teams, which is a pretty good showing, but Captain Kelly hopes to improve on that.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray Medcalf recently issued cards announcing the birth, on March 25th, of a son and heir, Richard Jay Medcalf. The many Seattle friends of the young parents extend their hearty congratulations.

Mr. Seth Ladd, who has spent the winter in Seattle, left a few days ago for California, to attend to the sale of some land he owns, not far from Oakland. Mr. Ladd expects to be in Seattle again for the convention in July.

The local committee in charge of convention arrangements have secured the auditorium in the new Chamber of Commerce, in which to hold the business meetings of the convention. Hotel arrangements and other matters are now being looked up, and by July 1st, the stage will be set up for what we hope will be a very successful convention. The chief business before it will be the revising of the by-laws of the constitution.

Lawrence Belser expects to get his old job under Jacobs by May 1st, if not sooner. Jacobs is moving to enlarged new quarters on Third Avenue, across from the Panjates Theatre.

John Hood is again in Seattle and will stay if he can find work. We hope he can do so, for he is a great favorite in our city.

Mrs. Grace Rose, whose husband is a hearing florist, was assisting her hubby by taking orders among the deaf for Easter lilies, and secured quite a number of orders. Mr. Rose is building a pretty new home near the country club, and his wife is one of the many new members of the P. S. A. D. has gained since Oscar Sanders became president.

Oscar Sanders is proving himself a splendid president of the P. S. A. D., and is giving great satisfaction. He is both firm and tactful, and is using the constitution as his guide in his decisions. Quite a few of our former presidents have not done this.

The Episcopal Mission is greatly pleased over the fact that Bishop Elect Huston, who arrives from Texas the first part of June, will make Seattle his place of residence. As soon as he is ordained and starts on his work, several deaf candidates will be ready to present to him for confirmation. The erection of the new St. Mark's Church is expected to start this summer, and then the deaf members will have their own chapel and social quarters.

The deaf in the east are doing things these days. Pennsylvania has purchased a \$50,000 Home near Philadelphia, for its aged and infirm deaf. New England has raised \$57,000 for a new home for its aged and infirm deaf. We congratulate the deaf in these States on their enterprise in behalf of a worthy cause.

And New Jersey, after ten years effort, has secured from the Legislature a law recognizing the right of the deaf to drive automobiles. We congratulate Mr. Beadell and his associates on their splendid work.

THE HANSONS.

April 22, 1925.

Mr. and Mrs. John Medcalf were made very happy by the arrival of a baby daughter on April 2d. Mrs. Medcalf was Frances Robinson, one of our most attractive young ladies. At the monthly meeting of the

Ladies' Aid of the Lutheran Church April 1st, Mrs. Geo. W. Gaertner, wife of our minister, brought in her finished embroidery work which would be hard to equal. Dainty refreshments in the form of jello a la mode, cake and coffee were served by Mrs. Root, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Gustin. The men, after their meeting, partook of the feast.

Mrs. Joe Kirschbaum has left her bindery work to accept a position at the Imperial Candy Co., which is steady.

Mrs. Zelma Wilson, who for a year and half worked at a radio concern that recently moved to Oakland, Cal., was fortunate to secure a place at the Pig'n Whistle as a helper in the confectionery department.

Bert Sommerson was also an employee of the same radio firm. He is now working at the Dulmage Auto Company, that handles the Star Auto for Seattle.

While the Frats were having their evening, the ladies put up a lovely shower at Mrs. Hanson's home on April 3d, in honor of Mrs. John Adam's sixteen year-old married daughter. Sandwiches, cake and coffee, were served in the dining room.

Mrs. Claude Ziegler was taken quite ill with influenza, the day the Golden Rule Sewing Club met at Mrs. Victoria Smith's home. And the ladies made her a present of some fruit and also to Mrs. Salie Clark, who has not been in the best of health all winter. A delicious and appetizing lunch was served by Mrs. Smith, the president.

Mrs. Martin Aarhus and her hearing husband, made a sale of their vacant lot near their residence in Ballard recently. Their home is for sale, as the Aarhus are contemplating a country life.

Lamier Palmer is the latest auto owner, having purchased a Chevrolet. Who will be the next one? We have nine deaf autoists in Seattle.

Lawrence Belser has found a place for his photo work with Mr. Jacob, his old employer, Seattle's only movie photographer for Liberty News.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bodley and their two little girls spent Easter with the former's sisters, Mrs. Lorenz and Mrs. Key, in Tacoma. Dorothy, beautiful young daughter of Mr. Bodley by his first marriage and a heiress to her grandmother's several thousand dollars worth of estate, went to visit her aunt during her one week Easter vacation.

Being employed as a night watchman for a big building, Carl Garrison has not been to our socials and clubs for some time.

Miss Alea La Vasser has moved to Seattle, and is working at the Fox Egg Co., where Misses Genevieve Robinson, Lina Seipp and Mrs. Johnson, are employed. Alea's betrothed, Ernest Frederickson, now drives over to Seattle frequently in his Overland sedan.

From Spokane, John Skoglund and Fred Genner drove in the Skoglund car, stopping in Seattle a few minutes to say hello to the boys, then driving on to Everett.

On the evening of Good Friday 35 attended the Lutheran church, where the communion was given by our pastor, Rev. Geo. W. Gaertner. And Easter morning in Tacoma the attendance was astonishingly large. In his smart-looking Star our young minister drove swiftly back to Seattle to the little church on 15th Avenue and Spring Street, and there the fifty-one deaf people witnessed the confirmation of Mrs. Sophia Klawitter, Miss Esther Bloomquist, Charles Gilmore and Sam Schneider. One hundred and eighty-five questions were answered by them, none missing. There are thirty-nine members now, and would have fifty-one if it was not for removals.

Our old friends, the Wests in Yukon Territory, wrote to Rev. Gaertner, enclosing a photo of themselves with a big moose that they had killed.

PUGET SOUND.

April 15, 1925.

The Church Mission to the Deaf Dioceses of Bethlehem, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg and Erie.

Rev. Franklin C. Smielan, Missionary Selma Grove, Pa.

APPOINTMENTS FOR MAY.

2—Williamsport, 7:30 P.M., Lecture.
3—Williamsport, 8:30 A.M., Holy Communion.
3—Shamokin, 3 P.M.
9—Lancaster, (St. John's) 7:30 P.M., Lecture.
10—Lancaster, St. John's, 10:30 A.M.
10—Harrisburg, 2 P.M.
10—York, 4:30 P.M.
15—Lebanon, 8 P.M.
16—Reading, 7:30 P.M., Lecture.
17—Easton, 11 A.M.
17—Allentown, 2 P.M.
17—Reading, 7:30 P.M.
22—Allentown, 8 P.M.
23—Allentown, 7:30 P.M., Lecture.
24—Johnstown, 10:45 A.M.
24—Greensburg, 3 P.M.
24—Pittsburgh, 7:45 P.M. Sermon by Rev. W. P. Pliver.
25—Oil City, 8 P.M.
26—Erie, 8 P.M.
30—Harrisburg, 3 P.M., Lecture.
31—Harrisburg, 11 A.M.
31—Scranton, 3 P.M., Holy Communion.
31—Wilkes Barre, 7:30 P.M.

At the Church of the Mediator, Allentown, Pennsylvania, April 11th, Rev. F. C. Smielan joined in Holy Matrimony Mr. Lloyd J. Charlesworth and Miss Dorothy M. Holzinger. The couple will make their future home in Hazleton, where the groom is a linotype on the Plain Speaker.

PITTSBURGH.

Clifford Jones has been confined in the Columbia Hospital with broken legs since February 23d, the result of an accident. He was returning home from a visit with a friend about midnight, when his motorcycle was struck by a speeding auto driver, it is claimed by a "pickled" person. The offending machine did not stop to offer aid, but made way with increased speed to escape the consequences of the misdeed. Clifford lay helpless on the road with his machine a total wreck until well towards dawn. The motorists, who passed by during the night, no doubt, were afraid to stop for fear a hold-up was meant, "hold ups" being so common nowadays. When daylight came Clifford's predicament was discovered, and he was rushed to the hospital. The day after Easter he was remembered with flowers by the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Margaret's Mission.

Information has been received of the death of Frank Bucey. He was connected with a circus as foreman of riggers and had been traveling with the company for many years. When and where his death occurred has not been learned, but it is understood that he was run over by a train somewhere in the west. His body was brought to Pittsburgh for burial the first week of April. Bucey was a product of the Edgewood School and of enormous build.

The engagement of Mr. C. Pittman, of Akron, Ohio, and Miss Lena Lenz, of Johnstown, Pa., has been announced, the wedding to take place some time in the near future.

The P. S. A. D. branch had its quarterly business meeting Saturday evening, April 11th. The weather kept the attendance down, but fortunately there happened to be present live wires, which enabled the transaction of some business. Much was discussed about a limitation the state places on a deaf driver's license. "Valid only in Pennsylvania." We regard this restriction as an injustice and are going to fight to have it removed. To start the ball rolling, the matter will be referred to the auto committee consisting of Rev. F. C. Smielan, J. A. McIlvaine and F. A. Leitner.

Frank Wilson, of Ashtabula, Ohio, spent the week end of April 10th with his wife in the South Hills. Mrs. Wilson prefers Pittsburgh to Ashtabula, on account of the cold from the lake, even if she must live apart from the man of her heart. In this case we can safely say it will be an enduring love "till death do us part," if it is true that "absence maketh the heart grow fonder." Frank, no doubt, makes most of his Pittsburgh trips, which are once a month.

A real piece of news appeared in one of our daily papers recently. It is getting so that news is no longer news unless it is something out of the ordinary. Below is what we read:

"Accused of attacking two police officers with a club when the discovered him attempting to enter the residence of Mrs. H. Hough, of 127 Montlie Street last night, John Hogue, 30 years old, 'city,' a deaf-mute, was overpowered by the officers and lodged in the Center Avenue police station on the charge of being a suspicious person. Hogue, police say, was discovered in the hallway of the Hough residence, trying to force a door, by Patrolmen Charles Hays and Alex Alexandrakus. When they attempted to arrest him, the officers said he struck them with a club, which he was carrying."

The writer does not own acquaintance with this deaf burglar, and questions his residence given as "City." May be some of the readers of this paper recognize the name.

Mrs. Walter Laughlin was badly burned about a month ago, when she accidentally upset a pan of hot grease she was removing from the stove. She had to be taken to the hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Hansen entertained the members of the Ladies' Aid Society Tuesday evening April 7th to meet her mother, Mrs. Mary Hopkins, who had been visiting with her six months. Delicious refreshments consisting of ham sandwiches, coffee, cake and ice cream, were served and a delightful time was had. The affair was almost strictly feminine, only three of the opposite sex being present, Messrs. Finley, Smith and Hansen. The ladies present were:—Messdames Black, Cummings, Finley, W. J. Gibson, Jovies, W. Zehel, Hess, G. Blackall, F. A. Leitner, Wilson and F. M. Holliday, and Misses Rose Barnes, Hastings, Davis, Jensen, and Kientz.

On Saturday April 11th, Mrs. Mary Hopkins left for her home in Maine.

The mother of Viola and Walter Zehel has been ill for several weeks with a bad cold, but at this writing has about recovered.

A Grand Ball is being planned by the Western Pennsylvania Alumni Association for May 30th, at the Edgewood School gymnasium. There will be admission charges the money to go to the convention fund.

FRANCIS M. HOLLIDAY.

DETROIT
OUTCOME VITAL TO SAUERMAN

Two or three days may be consumed in drawing a jury in the trial of Harry Hill, accused of the murder of Alex Dombrowski, Brownstown township farmer, in 1922, was the prediction of counsel of both the prosecution and defense.

The trial of Hill is probably the most vital event in the life of Leo J. Sauerman, convicted two years ago of the same murder for which Hill is now on trial. Sauerman is serving a life sentence in Marquette prison.

According to the prosecution in both cases, a band of high-jackers, of which both Sauerman and Hill were alleged to have been members, went to the farm of Dombrowski, said to have been a moonshiner and bootlegger, and represented themselves as federal agents.

RESISTS DEMANDS
Dombrowski resisted their demands and, according to the prosecution, was shot dead by one of the band. Sauerman was convicted of the murder and received a life sentence.

Subsequently, Mrs. Helen Bowman, Sauerman's sister, enlisted the aid of various agencies and sought to prove her brother's innocence. She endeavored to show that her brother had been mistaken for a "Harry Hill," who she said, resembled Sauerman so greatly that the mistake was natural.

She finally convinced federal, state and county authorities to such an extent that men were detailed from all three branches of government to hunt Harry Hill.

The "Harry Hill" now on trial in circuit court before Judge Clyde Webster denies his guilt, and in an interview Monday with a *Times* reporter, said he will prove his absolute innocence. He claims the entire case against him rests upon the unsupported word of Mrs. Helen Bowman.

MOTHER WORKS
"Do you know," continued Hill, "that since the police began to hunt me and my brother Ivan that, my mother can neither hear nor speak—she is a deaf-mute—she has been obliged to earn her living in a laundry in Battle Creek, our home town?"

Harry Hill's family was in court Monday, lending him at least their moral support. His aged deaf mute mother is there; so is his sister Ida, who is Mrs. Stanley Kelley, of Lansing. His brother Herbert, 14 years old sits beside the aged, afflicted mother and translates remarks and rumor to Mrs. Hill.

Ben H. Cole is assisting Assistant Prosecutor Ring, and Kenneth A. Swift is associated with Donovan in the defense.—*Detroit Times*.

Diocese of Maryland.

Rev. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, 2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.
First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 8:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointment.

God feeds the birds, but He doesn't throw the food into their nests.—*Greek Proverb*.

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Dioceses of Washington, and the States of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. Henry J. Pulver, General Missionary, 1450 Fairmont Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.—St. John's Parish Hall, 16th and H Streets, N. W. Services every Sunday, 11:15 A.M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverley Streets. Service Second Sunday, 8 P.M. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 A.M.

Norfolk, Va.—St. Luke's Church, Grady and Bute Streets. Service, Second Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Silent Mission, St. Matthew's Church. Services every Sunday, at 8:30 P.M.

Services by Appointment—Virginia: Lynchburg, Roanoke, Newport News, and Staunton. West Virginia: Parkersburg, Huntington, Charleston, Clarkburg, Fairmont and Romney.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,

704 Park Street, Boulevard, N., Fort Worth, Texas.

THIRD ANNUAL
PICNIC

Bronx Div., No. 92, N. F. S. D.

AT

HAARMANN'S CASINO

814 Jamaica Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday, July 25, 1925

(Afternoon and Evening)

ADMISSION - - - 50 Cents

DIRECTIONS—At Chambers St. Subway take Jamaica Avenue to Cypress Hill Street, walk one block to the park.

MATTHEW J. BLAKE, Chairman.

FIFTH ANNUAL GAMES
—OF THE—
Fanwood Athletic Association
UNDER AUSPICES OF THE
N. Y. INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF

TO BE HELD ON THE INSTITUTION'S GROUNDS

Saturday Afternoon, May 30, 1925

FROM 2:00 TO 6:00 P.M.

1. Baseball Target—2 out of 5 trials (one free ice cream cone.)

2. Gymnasium Work. 3. Little Circus Show.

4. Nail Driving, for ladies only (3 cones free to a winner.)

1. 100 yard dash. 4. 220 yard Run.

2. One Mile Run. 5. 440 yard Walk.

3. 880 yard Relay. 6. 2 mile Bike Race

Prizes to be awarded by Isaac B. Gardner, M.A., Principal of the Institution.

To be eligible for events, athletes must be graduates of Fanwood.

Events will close with Frank T. Lux, 99 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City, not later than May 25th, 1925.

Admission to Grounds, 25 Cents.

RESERVED SPACE FOR
MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87, N. F. S. D.

Saturday, November 21, 1925

INDOOR CIRCUS

—AT—

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street

Saturday Evening, May 9th

A Gorgeous Bewildering Aggregation of

Stupendous Marvels

Amazing Feats of Skill and Strength

World Famous Congress of Clowns

Two Solid Hours of Fun Galore

Peanuts and Pop on Sale

Admission, - - - 35 Cents

OUTING and PICNIC

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

[INCORPORATED]

Saturday Afternoon, July 11, 1925

Gates open at one o'clock

AT DEXTER PARK, Woodhaven, N. Y.

Jamaica train to Eldert Lane Station

MUSIC BY WAAS' SYNCOPATORS

TICKETS, - - - 55 CENTS

[Particulars Later]

Dance at the Moose Temple
1000 WALNUT AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Saturday Evening, May 23, 1925
—AT—
—OUR AUSPICES OF—
CLEVELAND DIVISION, No. 21
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

ROBITOY ORCHESTRA REFRESHMENTS SERVED

ADMISSION, - 55 CENTS

Out-of-Town Visitors, Please Take Notice: The New York Americans

will play baseball with Cleveland on Saturday and Sunday, May

23d and 24th. Here's your chance to see Babe Ruth knock a

Home Run.

FOURTH ANNUAL
PICNIC and GAMES

AUSPICES OF

MANHATTAN DIVISION, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

—AT—

NATIONAL PARK

FOREST STREET WINFIELD, L. I.

Saturday, June 27, 1925

ADMISSION, - - - 55 CENTS

THIRD—ANNUAL

PICNIC

under auspices of

Jersey City Division, No. 91

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

—AT—

FLORAL PARK

North Bergen, N. J.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 1, 1925

[Full Particulars Later]

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL
PICNIC and GAMES

UNDER AUSPICES

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

At Ulmer Park

ATHLETIC FIELD

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 22, 1925

[Particulars Later]

JACK SELTZER, Chairman

BIGGER AND BETTER H. A. D. BAZAAR

December 9, 10, 12, 13, 1925

BUILDING FUND

Two Floors at H. A. D. Headquarters, 308 Lenox Avenue, Near

Corner 125th Street, New York City

LENA STOLOFF, Chairlady.

Don't Miss
"BOBS"
THE BEST THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT OF THE SEASON
—BY THE MEMBERS OF THE—
V. B. G. A.
—AT—

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street

Saturday Evening, June 20th

Curtain rises 8:30

Plenty of Laughter, Thrills and Action

ADMISSION, - - - 50 CENTS

Benefit of the Coal Fund Refreshments on Sale

STAGE MANAGER, REV. JOHN H. KENT

FINE PRIZES & NEW GAMES

Strawberry Festival and Games

under the auspices of the

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

will be held at

ST. MARK'S PARISH HOUSE

626 Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

One block from Broadway and Myrtle Avenue "L" Station

Saturday evening, June 13, 1925

at 8 o'clock

Admission, - - - 35 Cents

(Including Refreshments)

Elizabeth Prims, Chairman.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTORS

STRONG JAPANESE BONDS.

Ujigawa Electric Power Co., Ltd.

1st Mtg. 7% Sinking Fund Gold Bonds due 1945 at 91 and interest

Serving 188 cities, towns and villages, aggregating a population of 7,000,000

Toho Electric Power Co., Ltd.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Union services for deaf-mutes every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, conducted by Prof. J. A. Kennedy, at First Congregational Church, Hope and Ninth Streets. Entrance up the incline to north side door and upstairs to the Orchestra Room. Open to all denominations. Visiting deaf-mutes cordially welcome.

RESERVED

Bronx Division, No. 92

July 25, 1925

Theatrical Entertainment

—AT—

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

October 17, 1925

MRS. J. H. MCCLUSKEY, Chairman.

1892 Volta Bureau 1925
1601—35 St N W
Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes
and celebration in memory of
Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet's
Birthday
—AT—
ST. MARK'S CHAPEL
230 Adelphi Street

Saturday evening, June 13, 1925

Committee—A. L. McLaren, R. H. Anderson, Wm. G. Gilbert, A. J. Laton, Miss E. M. Anderson, A. Hitchcock, H. Liebsohn, Miss Gantz.

TICKETS, - - - 35 CENTS

Including Ice Cream and Cake

RESERVED FOR

NEWARK DIVISION, NO. 42

N. F. S. D.

FOR A

PICNIC

—AT—

NORTH BERGEN, N. J.

—ON—

Saturday, July 18, 1925

[Particulars later]

The

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

Provides for your family and for yourself with policy contracts not excelled in all the world.

No discrimination against deaf-mutes. No charge for medical examination.

Can You Ask More?

When you think of Savings, go to a Bank. When you think of Life Insurance plus savings, write or see—

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Eastern Special Agent

200 West 111th Street, New York

Manhattan Div., No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Meets on the second Monday of each month at Masonic Temple of Harlem. For information, write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, New York City.

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BROOKLYN DIVISION No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday of each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and sick benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write: JOHN J. STIGLIAROTTI, 64 East Broadway, New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, recreative and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the second Thursdays of every month at 8:15 P.M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. Max Miller, President; Joseph Mortiller, Secretary. Address all communications to 148 West 125th Street, New York City.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB

ORGANIZED—1909 INCORPORATED—1909

4TH FLOOR, 61 WEST MONROE STREET CHICAGO

Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club.

Stated Meetings.....First Saturdays

James A. Waterman, President.

Kenneth J. Munger, Secretary.

Literary Circle.....Fourth Saturdays

Dr. G. T. Dougherty, Chairman.

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions

Second and Third Saturdays

Gilbert O. Erickson, Chairman.

Addresses all communications in care of the Club. Rooms open, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.